

MASQUE



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MASQUE

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FADS AND FASHIONS

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" FOOTWEAR
TO FIT YOUR FANCY"

by 'Beatrice'
(Fashion Consultant)

No matter what your fancy or mood, you will find a heavenly pair of shoes to match. Does that surprise you? Why should it? Women have perfumes to fit their moods, they have hairdos for special purposes -- why not have footwear to fit your moods? Here are some glimpses of my most favorite creations which have received wide acclaim both here and on the Continent.

My favorite model in a pair of "anger" shoes. When I become disturbed, these shoes match my mood, defying resistance. They are made of Satan-black leather, with

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toothpick heels, measuring a perfect $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. Its powerful needle toe is jet black, pierced only with a tiny arrowhead, with this tip glittering like the blinking eye of a jungle savage. As I bend down my toe on the floor beneath, from the depths of this blinking eye will suddenly emerge a very tiny spark. It flares, it burns deep within you. Then, just as daringly as it emerged, the spark vanishes.

The vamp of my anger shoes feature a miniature stone wheel, made of black leather, of course. The wheel is an exquisite miniature of the wheel which toiling slaves would push in the days of Egyptain captivity, to open and shut heavy stone doors of secret Pyramid rooms. The exquisite wheel is able to revolve, especially when I am very angry because I huff and puff and even from my distance, my furious un-bated breath is able to move the wheel.

The arch instep features another asset toward my anger. It contain another little arrowhead tip, glittering silver, in stark contrast to the jet black Satanish color of the rest of the leather pumps. But as I slowly press down upon my heel, a secret mechanism is released which suddenly forces the arrowhead tip to

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emerge -- to shoot forward, so life-like that you would imagine yourself in the jungle, surrounded by deadly savages with bows and venomous arrows. This arrowhead tip is razor sharp. . .but it is filed to needle-point measurements and is like the stick of a pin when shot into the object. The anger shoes do not contain any laces or thongs. They fit securely onto my feet. . .which must always be perfectly washed before I put on the shoes. . .and when I walk with them, little staccato sounds from my toothpick heel announce my stalking approach. Usually, I wear them until the arrowhead is released from its hidden position in the arch instep.

Let me now describe my pair of "jealousy" shoes. And what woman isn't jealous, at one time or another? She gives vent to her jealousy by wearing these clever shoes. They are sea green, as colorful as tangles of rope moss which imprison helpless clams and tiny fish. These jealousy shoes are made of pure green lizard leather, polished to reflection-perfection. This shoe sports an excruciatingly narrow needle toe pump. The big toe finds just barely enough room to squeeze within the narrow confines of this toe. But there is con-

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sulation as there are tiny little round holes on the side of this jealousy shoe. Through these four teeny holes (four on each shoe) fit the four free little toes. Why? Because jealousy requires some escape and these holes offer escape to these toes. Each toe, before permitted escape, must be painted exquisitely, with the tiny little white moons painted gleaming white in contrast to the gleaming red paint which is a perfect color scheme for the green lizard leather.

The vamp of the jealousy shoes feature a leather thong which fits around the entire toe and, wonder of wonders, fastens securely in a secretive tiny little notch just under the toe, on the pure leather sole. Now, care must be taken for this thong to be very firmly belted beneath the toe on the sole; if the thong comes loose, your little secret is revealed. What secret? Why, the thong turns into a clever little mule driver's whip used in the days when the 20-mule team was quite in vogue. And mules can be stubborn! The jealousy shoes feature a five inch squash heel with a square bottom. The heel is removable and from the hidden crevice within is removed a tiny little handle. This handle is then attached

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to the little mule driver's whip and presto -- it makes a wonderful souvenir of bygone days. . . very adaptable to a mood of jealousy! After all, isn't jealousy the sister of anger?

Now, another surprise is in store for you. These green lizard leather jealousy shoes feature the most unusual laces ever created. These too, are pure green leather but the thongs bind the ankle so fast that they require assistance for removal. The thongs twist three times around the ankle, then loop around the arch in-step twice, then come to rest in a special rivet hole which may be found in an almost invisible little flap on the vamp. You must look for this flap. And to test the power of your jealousy, see if you can find it unaided.

We all have our moments of domesticity. When we like to putter around the house. And, don't we all like to have someone help with the dishes? Suppose you can't have such help without an argument? Well, I have devised a pair of "domestic" shoes which will offer consolation during these trying moments.

The shoes are milk white, made of sleek oil skin leather with a mixture of hard rubber. All is dyed such an exquisite white, it is unbelievable. But these domestic shoes are not

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meant to be dirtied, hence their proof of your power of being a good domestic. These shoes sport a pair of milky white square heels. . . a perfect ten inches in height! When worn, you are tilted over if not careful; your little toes feel positively helpless under the sway of these heels. Hence, my suggestion that you practice walking around the kitchen. The tips of these square heels feature innocent looking rubber heels. But, ha ha, they are foam rubber. . . and hidden between invisible crevices are tiny scraps of cut glass. These create a steady tap-tap-tap on the surface you walk. They announce to all that you are in a domestic mood; if you don't receive help, you just continue walking. The vamp features a square slip of hard rubber. From either edge of this slip of hard rubber are extended a two inch spread of wire bristles. These are hard and very unyielding. As you walk, the wire bristles act like scraping brushes and will actually clean up as you move. Ingenious, is it not? Well, as a further aid to your domestic mood, there are lace thongs which intertwice through very tiny eyelets. . . stretching from the big toe right up to the heel. But the secret is that these laces have an exclusive lubrication source. No mat-

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ter how much they are slipped through the tiny eyelets, and then fastened, they just do not stay together. This means that they must constantly be pushed through the eyelets, over and over again, and re-fastened. Of course, it delays your domestic duties. . .and will do much to drop a broad hint that you cannot do everything by yourself! And, isn't that what you originally intended to do? Hence. . .the popularity of my "domestic" shoes.

Now, we all have our stubborn moods. I'm no exception. That is why I created my "stub-boen" shoes. There are really boots, reaching right up to the knee caps. These boots are made of very polished fireman's red patent leather. They contain very narrow toes which necessitates creating the high heel -- an exact $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. These pencil thin heels are like silhouettes. To all who doubt, let them examine carefully and also measure the exact $9\frac{1}{2}$ inch length. This is important. And when you're stubborn, insist upon being verified. . .take no rebuffs or refusals.

The boots feature laces which extend from the ankle bones where a leather tongue covers this sensitive part of the foot; the laces fit into rivet studded eyelets which gleam wickedly.

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The laces are made of pure silk, dyed blood red, the exact color of blood which is my personal guarantee of exactness. These laces slip through the eyelets, tightened very firmly around the ankles, take no rebuff or refusal from the bulge of the calf muscles. And when they reach the knee caps, give an extra tug for security reasons. When you are in a stubborn mood, firm security is necessary. The soles of such boots appear innocently red, but upon closer examination they reveal an exquisite portrait of flames! And in the midst of these flames of Hades as I affectionately prefer to call them are embroidered the helpless images of trapped victims. This a replica of a rare painting which hangs in the Louvre. When you are in a stubborn mood, just slam down the heels of these red boots, and imagine that the flames cannot escape. Then, when the mood had passed, lift up the boots and pretend that the victims of this flaming world have managed to flee. This gives you a tranquil state of being. Yes, my "stubborn" boots are certainly very popular.

A final creation is my pair of "relaxation" shoes. These are made of very soft satin. They

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are actually satin mules, with a fluffy little silken bow at each vamp. These silken bows are powder blue, matching the slightly deeper blue of the soft satin. Perfect relaxation requires assistance for the little tasks in life. Start out by asking someone to help you tie these bows into a perfect arrangement -- and I mean perfect! These shoes were made for fashion and I will not tolerate my carelessness in making bows!

The soft satin mules are lined with cottony soft silk, very teasingly soft to the foot instep, almost tickling the delicate skin. Laugh if you feel like it. The blue satin "relaxation mules were created to cater to your impulses. The toes of these soft mules are deceiving. From a casual glance they do look innocent enough. Ah, but therein lies the secret of my ability as a foot fashionist.

Deep within the soft toes of the kitten soft satin silk are buried tiny little nail heads. Like the claws of an aroused cat, these nail heads will remain invisible as long as you are relaxed. But. . .if you become disturbed -- just press your toes forward and zingo -- the nail heads become like protruding cat's claws! Never underestimate the power of a shoe, I

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always say.

More exclusive designs will be revealed to you in MASQUE as we go along. Don't you dare miss a single issue!

THE END











"THE SHOW MUST GO ON"

by Walter Evans

"This is terrible!" The producer of the Dynamic Diana Show mopped his feverish brow. "For weeks we've gone into rehearsal for this special Summer Extravaganza -- and now Diana has to call in that she's sick. Just what are we going to do?" He looked to his costumer, the wardrobe girl and his leading actor, Bobby Bender. A handsome matinee idol with curly hair and bulging muscles, he was the darling of the early morning television viewers. And both Bobby and Diana were a two-some for male and female.

"Let's just say that the star is ill. We'll

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cancel it. . . ."

"You ought to know better than that, Bobby," pointed out Sylvia, the wardrobe girl. "Our contract says if we miss one show, we'll have to forfeit the entire contract. That means thousands of dollars for us all."

Bobby wracked his brain for a solution. "But who can we get to impersonate Dynamic Diana? After all, such a buxom lady. . . and the way she wore those magnificent costumes -- from the skin out, she was a leader of good grooming."

Sylvia stared at Bobby Bender. "And you are considered the leader of male fashion. Bobby, I've got an idea. Why can't you take Dynamic Diana's place?"

"What?" he blanched with horror. "And me put on those female clothes. What are you saying, Sylvia? How can I possibly hope to fool the millions of people?"

The producer was getting excited. "Yes, yes, that's it, Bobby. What a wonderful idea. We'll tell the cameraman to dim the lights, and we'll take long shots, no close-ups. Just walk back and forth and we'll do the entire show by narration. It'll be a new twist. You don't have to say a word. Get the idea?"

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"No. . .no. . ." backed away Bobby. "You are not going to make me put on those. . .silly women's bloomers and brassiere - and a dress?"

"What's wrong with female clothing?" demanded Sylvia, growing hot under the collar. "After all, lots of female impersonators are seen at college shows, fraternal organizations and charity drives. And if you back out, Bobby, we'll all be through! Where are you going to get another job like this? Think it over."

"That's right," bubbled ahead the producer. "We'll tell the audience that you're not feeling well. That's why you're not appearing. Our contract doesn't bind you. . . but it does bind Dynamic Diana. There's no clause that says she can't be impersonated. You've got to do it, Bobby, you've got to. Think of all the rest of us. I've got a family." he began his typical sob story, even though it was common news that he wasn't even married.

Bobby Bender found himself being steered to Dynamic Diana's dressing room. Before he could help himself, he found that he was locked in the room with Sylvia. She began rummaging among the closets. "Now then, you're about the same size as Diana. Let's start out with

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some waist-tuckers, then some undies and a lovely gown. . . as well as some thigh length stage hose and high heeled evening slippers. Very high heels, of course."

Bobby turned white with expectation of the inevitable. "But, why do I have to put on that waist-tucker and the brassiere? I mean, nobody is going to look under my clothes?" He was backing away from a rubber panty girdle with garter snaps which would hold firm those silky soft black stage hose.

Sylvia glanced at her leather thonged wristwatch. "We haven't much time. Hurry - get those silly mannish clothes off. How sloppy they look. You men could learn a thing or two about clothes from women. Oh, what are you looking that way for? Okay, I'll turn my back. Here --" she handed him the pair of flesh colored panties, made of the purest silk imaginable. "Put these on."

Bobby was so confused that he could not even protest. Meekly, he removed his mannish clothes. Shivering from apprehension and a slight chill in the air, he was grateful for the comfort of the tomato red silk panties. They fit snugly around his waist, the elastic binding him rather firmly. The tomato red

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panties features a series of 7 little ruffles upon which were embroidered purple little peonies. The crotch was reinforced with a giant red rose, fringed with satin green leaves. Rather pretty, Bobby admitted. "Okay," he sighed, "Come on, Sylvia, let's get it over with."

"That's better," she exclaimed triumphantly. "Now, step into this rubber panty girdle. Oooooooh, how it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s! This is certainly going to give an authentic nip and tuck to your waist. Hmmm," she examined, "Bobby, you're getting too plump. Well, this girdle ought to do the trick. After all, it's for show business. . .and the show must go on!"

"Yes," he sighed. "I imagine so." Stepping into the stretched panty girdle, he felt it creep up along his thighs, then settling against his hips and thigh bones. "Wow," he gasped, "it's just about squeezing me into a silhouette. How can you girls wear such things." He could hardly breathe but just gasped in slow breaths until he was adjusted to the squeezing and figure training powers of the rubber panty girdle.

"Now Sylvia brought out the brassiere. "This is tomato red, matching those lovely

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panties you're wearing, Bobby. See. . .look at this very lovely creation -- the scintillating sizzled ruching trim. . .and hidden within are lovely purple peonies. Let's just fit them around and over your shoulders. They're padded to give you a bust effect."

At first, the brassiere felt unusual to Bobby but after a while it felt snug and comfortable; it gave him a strange feeling of security which he found difficult to explain so he kept it to himself. And then, the slip. Here was a marvelous exclusive of Dynamic Diana. It had been designed just for her buxom figure. It features slip straps made of a string of yellow and green daisies. The stem was a replica of a string, so lifelike that Bobby had to touch them to see if they were real. The slip featured a ruffled bodice which sported golden sunflowers, a delightful contrast to the plum color of the slip. The skirt section of the slip came to a flair beneath Bobby's figure-trained waist. The hem line of the silken transparent plum slip features a complete row of blue poppies; again, they were so realistic, Bobby had to touch them to see for himself if they were artificial or not.

As he walked around, the skirt of the slip

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flounced against his calf muscles. The soft, caressing feel of the silk was certainly comforting, to say the least; but he was certainly not going to admit it! Sylvia now brought forth the gown.

"Ah," murmured Bobby with appreciation for its gorgeous design. It was made of pure satin, tinted to a perfect tangerine color, a delightful compliment to his plum colored slip and hidden tomato panties and bra. Truly, a garden of delight. The tangerine satin gown featured a beautiful, scoop-necked sleeveless whirler design, coming with a chic little jacket which was so smartly accented with fresh lilac braid trim. As Bobby slipped into the gown, which came just below his knees (a perfect fit, he declared joyfully), the cute little bow sleeve straps fitted delightfully around his shoulder blades and beneath his arm pits. He was now grateful and understanding for Sylvia's insistence that he wear a brassiere. Why? Because he now sported an exciting plunging neckline, with just the right amount of a crease to indicate a deep V which all TV viewers would accept as original.

"Do you mean," declared Bobby, pointing to the long stem pair of black mesh stage hose

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which Sylvia held out, "that I have to put those on?"

"Certainly," she said, growing impatient. "Hurry, Bobby."

Just then, a knock came on the door and the call boy shouted, "Ten minutes until shooting time."

There was little time left for arguing. Caught up in the swirl of excitement that accompanies a television production about to begin. Bobby eagerly slipped his rather slender and hairless legs into the black mesh stage hose. First one leg, then the next. "How perfect they fit," he stated as he fitted the garter snaps from his panty girdle onto the hems of the long stage hose.

"Just one last item," announced Sylvia, "before the really big surprise." She brought him a pair of satin pumps. These were sunrise pink with purple silk laces which secured the pumps onto his feet. When he stood up, he suddenly swerved over and had to hold on for balance. "Careful," Sylvia cautioned and steered him around the room a few times until he was able to hold his balance. "You won't have to do much walking on tonight's show. It's just a narration on how the better half

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lives. The replica of the house on the lot shows about a half dozen different rooms. All you do is walk from room to room and the announcer will do all the talking."

"What is that big surprise you were talking about?" asked Bobby curiously.

"Here it is." It was a beautiful wig. So life-like, that when Bobby put it on, the long silk-like golden curls resembled real spun gold locks of the Dynamic Diana fame. Of course, Diana's hair was real and this was kept just for emergencies. Sylvia now helped Bobby put on his makeup and as an added touch, a few whiffs of Chanel No. 5. Then some jewelry and he was ready to be an impersonator of that woman -- Dynamic Diana. Could the ruse succeed? It is possible that millions of viewers and fans of the popular Dynamic Diana would be deluded and deceived into believing that this impersonator was their favored fashion queen?

Bobby did not have to wait long to find out. He performed as directed, not speaking a word, but frequently smiling at the TV audience; even mischievously wiggling his hips -- a motion for which the feminine Dynamic Diana had achieved fame. When the show was over, everyone on the lot rushed up to congratulate Bobby for

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having performed so perfectly. A real trooper, they patted him on the back. A good showman, never failing his audience.

And, as usual, the studio was flooded with hundreds of calls from fans of Dynamic Diana, heaping congratulations and thanks for sharing her fashion secrets with them, for helping them live better in a modern world. Not one call came in that said the Dynamic Diana on today's show was an imposter.

And what of Dynamic Diana? She watched the whole show from her home. When it was over, she telephoned the producer, thanking him for helping her during her moment of distress. She sat before her huge dressing table in her luxurious home nestled in the hills of southern California. Dynamic Diana stared at her reflection while she spoke over the phone. She was not just a character. . . she was a symbol. For five years she had been the leader of daytime performers. Everyone regarded her as "the woman eternal." She was the perfect prototype of what every good woman should look, act and talk like. . . and live like. Millions of women imitated her.

"Thanks, Bobby," concluded Diana and hung up. Then she smiled at the reflection.

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Aloud, "Darn it, I had to go and spoil my wig. . it's going to take a week to have it repaired." Diana reached for the cigar in the ash tray. "I'll have to give up this terrible habit. It just wouldn't do for my fans to know that Dynamic Diana not only wears a wig, but smokes cigars just like a man." Diana laughed loud and strong. Why? Because that is just what Diana was -- a he. Not a she!

THE END

P.S. Who can deny? The show must go on!













" A VISIT TO . . .

MADAME NANETTE"

by Evelyn Adams

The tall, slender figure paused before the bay windows of the exclusive dress shoppe. A neat window sign, in the shape of a patent leather boot bore the inscription, Madame Nanette -- Figure Trainer. "This must be the right place," said Marie, the silhouette brunette as her velvet gloved fingers secured the knob of the door.

Fortunately, there were no other customers present in this very exclusive salon. Marie had always felt that acquiring a wardrobe was such a personal thing. From the rear a tall, statuesque blonde came toward Marie.

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"Good morning," her voice was sultry, with just the proper amount of barb to tell the customers that she was in authority and that her decisions were not to be contested. "I'm Madame Nanette. Have you come here to obtain advice about a proper gown? Perhaps some hosiery? I have some of the latest designs, just in from Paris." She brought forth a pair of silky soft hosiery, tinged the color of bright sunset, with tiny little riding crops embroidered in petite diamond arrangement just at the ankles. The double hem contained four equal sets of built-in rubber garter snaps, to be hooked onto a garter belt. Madame Nanette explained, "You see, these stockings are most unusual. . .they are actually too small for a girl which is to her advantage. Do you wonder why? Because I detest wrinkled silk--and when she is squeezed into these stockings, her legs will become like twin columns of pure ivory."

Marie found herself fascinated with such an ingenious pair of hosiery. She found herself liking this blonde wardrobe mistress -- such an Amazonian type she was, and yet, so feminine. Even her heady perfume was most

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stimulating to the nostrils. "Madame Nanette, my friends tell me that I don't know how to dress. I thought you could select appropriate items for me and I'll be glad to follow your advice."

Madame Nanette's eyes opened wide with glee. "You'll find that I'm an excellent teacher. Would you like to discard your present clothing in the dressing room, my dear? I'll then be able to make an exact fitting."

"No. . .no," Marie said hastily, ever fearful of such an embarrassing state of being. "Just take my measurements now and I'll try the clothing on at home, if you don't mind."

Madame Nanette smiled indulgently; at the same time, she clasped her hands together. Her fingers were unbelievably strong, more like talons of a magnificent she-eagle, glittering with huge rings. One ring on her right forefinger was a most unusual bit of jewelry. It consisted of one huge gleaming tiger's eye, glittering as though from a hidden bush, waiting to spring up on its victim, overpowering its prey. Marie found herself hypnotized by this glittering eye which seemed to probe through her very being, stripping away all that she held personal.

"First, my dear," Madame Nanette broke into her thoughts, "we shall find a good pair of

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shoes." She rummaged among shelves, closets, beneath counters, and finally came forth with a pair of exquisite ankle length boots. "Now, these may look rather strong, as all boots are. . . but note the delicate craftsmanship." The boots were made of pure dyed black lizard skin, soft to behold but powerful when opposed. The leather softly wrapped around the ankle, snugly, imprisoning the twin peaks of the bones. A milk white (rather, it was flesh-white) pair of leather thongs, in stark contrast to the ebony of the leather, bound fast the foot so that there was absolutely no chance for escape such as when walking on a busy street corner. Such things can be a nuisance!

And then the heel. Ah, it was amazing how pencil-thin the heel was, with the very tip covered with just the tiniest scrap of rubber. Embroidered down the inside of this pencil-thin stabbing heel (which measured a perfect 6-3/8 inches) were down-pointed Arabian sabers. . . and even these beautiful teeny sabers had embroidered upon them even smaller little glittering rhinestones. The vamp held an even greater surprise. . . a velvet scimitar, encrusted with tiny rubies resembling blood. It was very realistic, reminiscent of the days when Persians ruled

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their captives. The twin pair of ankle-length boots glistened with a perfect polish, so dazzling to the eyes that even Marie had to blink and stand in reverent awe before such delicately created footwear.

"You see," explained Madame Nanette, "these shoes have a personality all their own. It is said that they contain some 'magical' power which endows the wearer with supreme power and exaltation over all. As you know, the Arabians can weave many magic tales."

Marie agreed. "But they fascinate me. I'll take them."

"Good," beamed the other woman. "Now just look at this figure trainer." She held up what, at first appeared to be a solid sheet of pure sea green silk. But upon closer inspection it appeared to be a very thick, rubberized figure trainer, designed to nip in the floppy folds of flesh just above the hip bone and beneath the breast bone. "These laces," pointed Nanette, "are made of imported rubber. See how polished and smooth they are. Well, these laces measure 15 inches in length and fasten around to the small of the back. Here, they are secured into special little copper-riveted hooks and once in place, cannot be easily

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removed. You'll need someone to help you into this garment. Perhaps you'd like a little instruction, right now!"

"Oh, no," backed away Marie, still rather frightened at such a firm figure trainer. I'll do it at home." She examined the pure spongy rubber which looked innocent but she knew that when the rubber figure trainer would enclasp her waist, it would be like the enormous hands of a Persian Geni, squeezing and molding her tender flesh until she could scarcely breathe. But when it was done, her waist would be so nipped in that it would be a perfect hour-glass figure, of the type which gave fame to the Gibson Girl.

When Marie said she'd accept it, she then added, "I'd like to see something in the way of gloves."

Madame Nanette brought forth a pair of elbow length pure leather gloves! They were baby blue, so delicate that they fooled Marie into thinking they were so innocent. But yet, the fingers felt rather heavy. As Marie slid her hand into the glove, she felt the chain mesh which was secretly woven into the leather lining. And the tips of the fingers had tiny - - very tiny - - little metal tips, just covering the fingertip but very powerful when properly used. To

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add to the delightful pleasure, there was a secret contraption in each of the thumbs of this baby blue leather pair of gloves. When Marie would slowly stretch out her gloved fingers, from the bottom of each thumb would spring out a tiny little cat's claw! It was so realistic that it was sure to cause much favorable comment whenever displayed. Such a delicately created pair of gloves was instantly purchased by Marie. . . money was no object when it came to fashions with a practical point of view.

"During colder weather," declared Nanette, "you may be in need of a head glove. Yes, it's surprising to first hear of it, but the most fashionable women today like to wear these gloves. Here's my favorite. . . and I think you'd love it!"

It was a charming, flesh-colored leather head glove. Made of very fine, skin-tight kid leather, the glove fit smoothly over the skull, with a demanding tightness because wrinkles were strictly taboo! There were two tiny slits which permitted just the barest glimmer of vision and just one tiny little puncture -- just one-- which allowed some air within the confinements of this skin-tight head glove.

Madame Nanette explained, "Because it

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gets cold sometimes, with blustery winds, there's really no need to keep your lips and mouth uncovered; you can get chapped lips that way. Therefore, this unique head glove does not contain a bothersome slit for a mouth." She then pointed to the exquisite throat scarf. It resembled soft silk, on the surface, but it, too, was a flesh colored leather covering. It contained buckles which fastened the scarf right in the hollow of the throat. "Note these built-in steel throat trainers," she pointed to slender bulges which ran in a vertical direction - - three in the front and three in the back. These actually help you to keep your head up, giving you a professional model's appearance when you walk. If there's anything I detest," she hissed, "it's a slumped head. Well, this set of throat trainers will do wonders for that condition."

"Do you have a suggestion for a gown, Madame Nanette?"

"Indeed I do. You certainly are quite the clothes horse, my dear. Well, to suit your fancy. . .and satisfy your wild imagination, here's an import, direct from London -- the home of the finest in leather."

When Marie beheld the amazing gown, she

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had to gasp in profound admiration. With tender devotion, she stroked the billowing peasant skirt--with almost flexible built-in steel stays running from the waist down to the knee cap -- the gown was made of ruby red silk, an embroidered sash around the middle sported a seashore motif with fish hooks and bobbing corks, with fishermen's nets and even an image of a lovely mermaid being trapped within its confines, along with the other helpless creatures of the deep -- the razor sharp tips of the fish hooks cruelly threatening to tear at her satiny soft pink flesh.

The blouse, on the other hand, was black velvet, in stark contrast to the silken red of the skirt. Now, the blouse had an excruciatingly tight bodice, the bosom containing a stitched-in brassiere, made of very pure rubber. When worn, it enveloped a woman's bosom with a warm and possessive grasp. The rubber bra was soft and yielding, almost like a bosom, but it was hollow and greedily enclasped the proffered bosom of its wearer and creating a stunning buxom effect. It was rumored that some of Hollywood's most famed bathing beauties would wear such a brassiere which was like a second skin.

Other delightful creations of this blouse included its set of buckles, pure leather with a

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gleaming silver buckle and notch -- there was one buckle on each shoulder, like an epaulet, except that they fastened securely around each armpit. This helped to fluff the short, upper elbow-length sleeves, billowing them out in pure peasant style.

The back of the blouse contained red slashes of soft velvet. Which each movement of the shoulders, the red gaping slashes would part to reveal a tiny set of little polka dots within the slashes. Truly, this was a gown that was created by a master craftsman of the arts.

"There you have it," Madame Nanette wrapped everything in a neat bundle and handed it to Marie who eagerly paid for it. "You know, I always maintain that women just don't know how to dress. It takes a male designer to be a true fashion expert. However, I design many of my own clothes and some of the gowns in my shoppe. Not bad for a mere female, eh?"

"You've done quite well, Madame Nanette." Marie thanked her again and hurried home, eager to try out this new wardrobe."

Shortly afterward, Madame Nanette retired to the rest room in the rear of her shoppe. She locked the door of the room. Then she gazed at herself in the mirror. She smiled, reached up

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and removed her billowing blonde wig and stared at herself. . .rather, himself! Yes -- only a male designer could understand perfection!

THE END













"PANTY PUNISHMENT"

Try this one don't you?

by L. Chieco

It all happened on a nice autumn day -- my punishment, that is, and my new way of life.

My employer had been called out of town and had decided to close her apparel shop during the early afternoon, leaving me freer than usual. I had gone home, and after resting awhile, began looking out of the window. . . .

It was then that I saw Janet -- my bride-to-be, coming out into her yard across the way, carrying some clothes. My heart thrilled at the sight of her as the mild wind caught the long curls of her blonde hair, and turned the hem of her skirt to reveal a lacy petticoat. Though at times of a stern and independent turn of mind,

MASQUE

Janet was quite feminine, and whether at work or play, she insisted on being attractively dressed that way.

I thought of calling out to her inasmuch as she did not know I was at home, but then decided against doing so, and continued to watch.

Carefully, Janet began hanging the freshly laundered clothes she carried. First, a white blouse, two brassieres - a black one and a white one, and some nylon hosiery. And then a full length white slip, a pair of pale blue briefs, and a pair of pink step-ins with open slits at the sides.

To my surprise, she completed the task by pinning to the clothes line a pair of pink silk bloomers -- the kind with tunneled elastic legs and waist, which I had thought were only worn in these modern times by women who were either very old or fat. Though I had never seen them before, I knew they belonged to Janet.

They were edged with white lace and had something embroidered on them, making them very beautiful, indeed. As a sales clerk in a ladies dress and lingerie shop, I had seen exquisite underwear, but nothing as charming as these bloomers.

An idea took possession of me as I saw

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Janet return to the house. This was the time she usually went out to pick up groceries. I'd wait awhile and then have some fun with her. For an instant I was reminded of my days at college. . .the time when some students and I conducted a "panty-raid" in the girls' dormitories. "This will be another one," I chuckled.

Down the stairs and out across the lawn I went. No one was in sight. It would be a harmless prank, and besides, I had to see those lovely bloomers at close range.

Quickly I went to the clothes line and took them. A bit nervously, I also took the blue colored briefs, and then started back, almost in a run.

"HEY -- What are you doing? I froze in a light terror as I heard Janet's voice cry out. She hadn't left the house as I had figured. As I turned my head, I stumbled over a rock in my path. The garments fell from my hands as I tried to protect myself. I heard the clatter of high heels approaching. Looking up from her shining patent leather shoes, I saw Janet -- arms akimbo, staring down at me. My face flushed with embarrassment. It all happened so quickly, I couldn't think of a sensible thing to say.

MASQUE

"WHAT are you doing, Don? Stealing my clothes -- my underthings! Are you going nuts or something? Well, SAY something!"

"It was just a j-joke, Janet. Just a gag I was going to play on you. I--I'm sorry, really."

She gathered up the garments. "Now I have to do them over again. And look, just look at my bloomers. They're torn. Oh, Don. . .you should be spanked."

I stood up and brushed my clothes, feeling ashamed to look at her.

"Might as well come in and clean up while you're here. Go ahead, the door's open," Janet said, pointing to her place.

I walked in and headed for the bathroom with Janet following. No one was about. Her folks weren't due until Thursday, three more days.

"Here's a towel," she said, handing me one. "Don Transton I'm surprised at you, acting like a bad little boy. I still say you should be spanked. Yes, that's what you need. . .some good punishment."

I felt better now that I was more presentable but I was still sheepish over the whole incident.

"Don, you're going to get your punishment." There was a growing gleam in her eyes, as she

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as she continued, "I know just the thing for you. And if you refuse, I'll . . . I'll postpone our wedding date, indefinitely!"

"But, Janet. . . ."

"Just come here and do as I say." She led me to the bedroom, opened dresser drawers and a closet, and took out a number of items. "Get your clothes off and put these on."

"But those are your clothes."

"Of course, they are, but they will fit you. You seem to like my clothes -- especially my underclothes, so I'm giving you a chance to wear them. Now put these things on and be quick about it or you'll get a bigger spanking."

I swallowed hard. This was humiliation at its worst, but I could see no escape. I started undressing. All the while Janet stood waiting in the doorway. She had placed the clothing on the bed, except for one item she held in her hands.

"This should be all right. I'll help you with it." She gave me a pink nylon bra, which she had adjusted for my size. Awkwardly I slipped into it. She fastened it behind me. It felt strange to wear, but I had to admit it held my shoulders back and seemed to help my posture.

MASQUE

"Janet, this is silly."

"Shut up! Silly is it? I suppose stealing my undies wasn't silly. And half ruining them, too! Put those stockings and and finish up."

I sat down on a chair and stepped into the long sheer black hose. They were a bit small for me but I made out the best I could. And then I put on the pink round garters while Janet showed me how to fix them.

"Since you like panties so much, you can wear these. No, wait a moment." She left the room and returned. ". . .Better yet, put these on." She tossed a pair of pink bloomers into my lap, similar to the ones I had seen on the clothes line. "They are too big for me. They were delivered to me by mistake. But they will fit you."

Janet watched me. Her rich, firm bosom rose and fell beneath her low cut blouse. Until now I hadn't noticed that she wasn't wearing anything under it, and the vision of her that way aroused my love and admiration. Unexpectedly, I saw her reach to her side and unzip her black satin skirt. She stepped out of it and began doing the same with her half-slip.

"I'm getting ready for you in case you're

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wondering. --I said to put those bloomers on, didn't I?" she snapped.

Turning away from her, I overcame my hesitation, and dropped the shorts. As rapidly as I could, I got into the silken bloomers and pulled them up. They were tight, but the shimmering feel of them against my skin was deeply satisfying. Women were fortunate to wear such soft and lovely garments, I thought. I couldn't help thinking that men's clothes are dull, in comparison.

"Don't they feel heavenly, Dear?" Janet asked. Smiling a little, she went on, "If you wanted some of my underthings, all you had to do was ask."

I gasped at her beauty, as I took the dress that was laid out on the bed for me. In addition to the blouse, she was wearing the black leather pumps, black nylons held up by a narrow garter belt, and peach colored panties which were gathered in at the thighs with pink ribbon and black lace. Like the embroidered bloomers, these panties were a revelation to me. I didn't know such enchanting dainties existed. I pulled the dress over my head and worked it over my hips. It was much too short and revealed the bloomers above my knees.

MASQUE

"Why Don, you know you look good in feminine things. You might even make a nice looking young lady -- with proper make-up and maybe a wig. . . ."

Again, I swallowed, feeling a blush coming on. I wondered if any fate could be worse than this.

"I don't like your plain, rough looking underwear. . . and maybe you don't either, but that's no excuse for taking my things, like a thief."

"One more thing -- when I'm finished, you're going to launder the undies you took."

In my state of mixed feelings, I told her I was sorry for what I had done.

"All right, you're forgiven. But from now on you are going to quit wearing male underwear. I see no reason why you shouldn't wear decently attractive undergarments, and particularly since you look well in them, and since you seem to have a fondness of them. -- And that means everything -- slips, bras, bloomers, panties, and girdles. DO you understand?"

Already I was beginning to discover the bliss of feminine finery, and the meaning of Janet's remarks hit me with a delightful impact. - Not only would I eventually own my own

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shop, see and handle beautiful lingerie, but I would also wear lingerie. No longer need I envy women's privilege in this direction.

No longer embarrassed, but pleasantly exhilarated and filled with a greater love for Janet -- I replied, "Yes, YES, Dear."

THE END













John,

I know this girl, real sweet kid.
She loves to dress up in leather and
high heels.
do you like her?



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